

AGATHA'S SACRIFICE.

Agatha, hovering over the conservatory treasures, flitting from shrub to shrub, from flower to flower, uttered a cry of delight, and darted through the gap left in a hedge of cactus by the removal of a box. This was forbidden ground, but Agatha never stopped to think of that.

Before her, fenced in by a screen of fine wire, was a vining plant, which, left unprotected, had twined and intertwined its tendrils until it stood an impenetrable mass of foliage, covered now with bedding clusters, a few of which toward the top had burst into early bloom. Glowing, cup-like blossoms grouped on slender, waving stems, and seeming to spill down a stream of fragrance from their rose petals. Again, held her breath and clasped her hands in silent ecstasy.

Philip Armstrong, coming slowly down the bordered path, caught a sight of her through the break in the cactus hedge, and cried out in quick horror. He sprang forward, his face blanched deathly white, as hers was now. He caught her up, and bore her out where the mobile basin of a fountain caught the falling spray, and trickled over in this ice-cold stream.

She was lying in his arms, still and senseless. He dashed the water in her face, and set about easing her hands in a manner which would have appeared cruelly rough but for the intense anxiety his face betrayed. He gave a sigh of relief when she opened her eyes again, and, smiling, resumed his task. He went down, and, after a moment, sat up again, at her request. Philip took her to the spot where the dangerous plant had been. It was gone, and when she awoke at last, until she had passed days of torpor succeeded by weeks of fever, after which came complete convalescence.

"What am I to do now again, at her request? Agatha, I wonder at your temerity, is he very formidable?"

Philip had looked over Agatha's shoulder into her brother's laboratories.

"I come, then, my dear, Mr. Mallard is in the parlor; he will appreciate that."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Agatha, moving away.

Philip, however, stroked his own thick, bushy growth with proud fondness, and, smiling, resumed his task. He went down, and, after a moment, sat up again, at her request.

"Alice, take charge of that young lady, if you don't want the house demolished again it would never have tempted her again."

"Come, then, my dear, Mr. Mallard is in the parlor; he will appreciate that."

"That deserves a kiss," she said.

"Not the American Youth." (From Park.)

Mamma—Johnny, you should try to win prizes in school, like Tommy Brown. He wins a medal every year.

"Johnny! I'm not good enough," groaned Agatha; "he all the time."

"No, but I am," she said, "but I'm not good enough."

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"I have had this trouble a good many years, and it is getting worse every day. Mrs. Morgan is the writer. Mrs. Morgan lives at 245 New York Avenue, Jersey City Heights. She is a widow, and has a son, Philip, who is a good boy, but I could not get along without him. But he is a good boy, and I could not trust it even with my antidote," he declared. "But here you have all the fragrance without the bane."

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